Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Muſicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monſter Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for mariage ſight: this Maide
Hight *Philoten*: and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtorie, ſhe
Would euer with *Marina* be.
Beet when they weaude the ſleded ſilke,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung, and made the night bed mute,
That ſtill records with mone, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayſes, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might ſtand peerleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our nurſe is dead,
And cutſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Poſt on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuey,
Vnles your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to doo't, tis but a blowe which neuer ſhall bee knowne, thou canſt not doe a thing in the worlde ſo ſoone to yeelde thee ſo much profite: let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely, nor let pittie which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her. Here ſhee comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death, Thou art reſolude?

Leon. I am reſolude.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to ſtrowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth laſt: Aye me poore maid,